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CYDER.

11623.66.31
A Cider
POEM.

In TWO BOOKS.

—*Honos erit huic quoq; Pomo? Virg.*

WITH THE
SPLENDID SHILLING.

PARADISE LOST,

and two Songs, &c.

LONDON:

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CYDER.

BOOK I.

WHAT Soil the Apple loves, what Care is due
To Orchards, timeliest when to press the Fruits,
Thy Gift, *Pomona*, in *Miltonian* Verse
Adventrous I presume to sing; of Verse
Nor skill'd, nor studious: But my Native Soil
Invites me, and the Theme as yet unsung.

Ye *Ariconian* Knights, and fairest Dames,
To whom propitious Heav'n these Blessings grants,
Attend my Layes; nor hence disdain to learn,
How Nature's Gifts may be improv'd by Art.

And thou, O *Mostyn*, whose Benevolence,
And Candor, oft experienc'd, Me vouchsaf'd
To knit in Friendship, growing still with Years,
Accept this Pledge of Gratitude and Love.
May it a lasting Monument remain
Of dear Respect; that, when this Body frail
Is moulder'd into Dust, and I become
As I had never been, late Times may know
I once was blest in such a matchless Friend.

Who-e'er expects his lab'ring Trees shou'd bend
With Fruitage, and a kindly Harvest yield,
Be this his first Concern; to find a Tract
Impervious to the Winds, begirt with Hills,
That intercept the *Hyperborean* Blasts
Tempestuous, and cold *Eurus* nipping Force,
Noxious to feeble Buds: But to the West
Let him free Entrance grant, let *Zephyrs* bland
Administer their tepid genial Airs;

Naught

Naught fear he from the West, whose gentle Warmth
 Discloses well the Earth's all-teeming Womb,
 Invigorating tender Seeds; whose Breath
 Nurtures the *Orange*, and the *Citron* Groves,
Hesperian Fruits, and wafts their Odours sweet
 Wide thro' the Air, and distant Shores perfumes.
 Nor only do the Hills exclude the Winds:
 But, when the blackning Clouds in sprinkling Show'rs
 Distill, from the high Summits down the Rain
 Runs trickling; with the fertile Moisture chear'd,
 The Orchards smile; joyous the Farmers see
 Their thriving Plants, and bless the heav'nly Dew.

Next, let the Planter, with Discretion meet,
 The Force and Genius of each Soil explore;
 To what adapted, what it thuns averse:
 Without this necessary Care, in vain
 He hopes an Apple-Vintage, and invokes
Pomona's Aid in vain. The miry Fields,
 Rejoycings in rich Mold, most ample Fruit
 Of beauteous Form produce; pleasing to Sight,
 But to the Tongue inelegant and flat.
 So Nature has decreed; so, oft we see
 Men passing fair, in outward Lineaments
 Elaborate; less, inwardly, exact.
 Nor from the sable Ground expect Success,
 Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune:
 The Must, of pallid Hue, declares the Soil
 Devoid of Spirit; wretched He, that quaffs
 Such wheyish Liquors; oft with Colic Pangs,
 With pungent Colic Pangs distress'd, he'll roar,
 And toss, and turn, and curse th'unwholsome Draught.
 Bur, Farmer, look, where full-ear'd Sheaves of Rye
 Grow wavy on the Tith, that Soil select
 For Apples; thence thy Industry shall gain
 Ten-fold Reward; thy Garners, thence with Store
 Surcharg'd, shall burst; thy Press with purest Juice
 Shall flow, which, in revolving Years, may try
 Thy feeble Feet, and bind thy fault'ring Tongue.

Such is the *Kentchurch*, such *Dantzeyan* Ground,
 Such thine, O learned *Brome*, and *Capel* such,
Willifian Burlton, much-lov'd *Geers* his *Marsh*,
 And *Sutton-Acres*, drench'd with Regal Blood
 Of *Ethelbert*, when to th' unhallow'd Feast
 Of *Mercian Offa* he invited came,
 To treat of Spousals : Long connubial Joys
 He promis'd to himself, allur'd by Fair
Elfrida's Beauty ; but deluded dy'd
 In height of Hopes—Oh ! hardest Fate, to fall
 By Shew of Friendship, and pretended Love !

I nor advise, nor reprehend the Choice
 Of *Marcley-Hill* ; the Apple no where finds
 A kinder Mold : Yet 'tis unsafe to trust
 Deceitful Ground : Who knows but that, once more,
 This Mount may journey, and, his present Site
 Forfaking, to thy Neighbours Bounds transfer
 The goodly Plants, affording Matter strange
 For Law-Debates ? If, therefore, thou incline
 To deck this Rise with Fruits of various Tastes,
 Fail not by frequent Vows t' implore Success ;
 Thus piteous Heav'n may fix the wand'ring Glebe.

But if (for Nature doth not share alike
 Her Gifts) an happy Soil shou'd be with-held ;
 If a penurious Clay shou'd be thy Lot,
 Or rough unweildy Earth, nor to the Plough,
 Nor to the Cattle kind, with sandy Stones
 And Gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
 Beneath thy Toil ; the sturdy Pear-tree here
 Will rise luxuriant, and, with toughest Root
 Pierce the obstructing Grit, and restive Marle.

Thus naught is useless made ; nor is there Land,
 But what, or of it self, or else compell'd,
 Affords Advantage. On the barren Heath
 The Shepherd tends his Flock, that daily crop
 Their verdant Dinner from the mossie Turf,
 Sufficient ; after them the Cackling Goose,
 Close-grazer, finds wherewith to ease her Want.

(5)
What shou'd I more? Ev'n on the clifffy Height
Of *Penmenmaur*, and that Cloud-piercing Hill,
Plinlimmon, from afar the Traveller kens
Astonish'd, how the Goats their shrubby Brouze
Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canst thou see,
How from a scraggy Rock, whose Prominence
Half overshades the Ocean, hardy Men,
Fearless of rending Winds, and dashing Waves,
Cut Sampire, to excite the squeamish Gust
Of pamper'd Luxury. Then, let thy Ground
Not lye unlabour'd; if the richest Stem
Refuse to thrive, yet who wou'd doubt to plant
Somewhat, that may to Human Use redound,
And Penury, the worst of Ills, remove?

There are, who, fondly studious of Increase,
Rich Foreign Mold on their ill-natur'd Land
Induce laborious, and with fatning Muck
Besmear the Roots; in vain! the nursling Grove
Seems fair awhile, cherish'd with foster Earth;
But, when the alien Compost is exhaust,
It's native Poverty again prevails.

Tho' this Art fails, despond not; little Pains,
In a due Hour employ'd, great Profit yield.
Th' Industrious, when the Sun in *Leo* rides,
And darts his sultriest Beams, portending Drought,
Forgets not at the Foot of ev'ry Plant
To sink a circling Trench, and daily pour
A just Supply of alimantal Streams,
Exhausted Sap recruiting; else, false Hopes
He cherishes, nor will his Fruit expect
Th' autumnal Season, but, in Summer's Pride,
When other Orchats smile, abortive fail.

Thus the great Light of Heav'n, that in his Course
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
Noxious to planted Fields, and often Men
Perceive his Influence dire; sweltring they run
To Grotts, and Caves, and the cool Umbrage seek
Of woven Arborets, and oft the Rills

Still streaming fresh reviv'd, to allay
 Thirst inextinguishable: But if the Spring
 Preceding shou'd be destitute of Rain,
 Or Blast Septentrional with brushing Wings
 Sweep up the smoaky Mists, and Vapours damp,
 Then woe to Mortals ! *Titan* then exerts
 His Heat intense, and on our Vitals preys ;
 Then Maladies of various Kinds, and Names
 Unknow, malignant Fevers, and that Foe
 To blooming Beauty, which imprints the Face
 Of fairest Nymph, and checks our growing Love,
 Reign far and near ; grim Death, in different Shapes,
 Depopulates the Nations, thousands fall
 His Victims, Youths, and Virgins, in their Flower,
 Reluctant die, and sighing leave their Loves
 Unfinish'd, by infectious Heav'n destroy'd.

Such Heats prevail'd, when fair *Eliza*, last
 Of *Winchcomb's* Name (next Thee in Blood and Worth,
 O fairest *St. John* !) left this toilsome World
 In Beauty's Prime, and sadden'd all the Year ;
 Nor cou'd her Virtues, nor repeated Vows
 Of thousand Lovers, the relentless Hand
 Of Death arrest ; She with the Vulgar fell,
 Only distinguish'd by this humble Verse.

But if, it please the Sun's intemp'rate Force
 To know, attend ; whilst I of ancient Fame
 The Annals trace, and image to thy Mind,
 How our Fore-fathers, (luckless Men !) ingulf'd
 By the wide yawning Earth, to *Stygian* Shades
 Went quick, in one sad Sepulchre enclos'd.

In elder Days, e'er yet the *Roman* Bands
 Victorious, this our Other World subdu'd,
 A spacious City stood, with firmest Walls
 Sure mounded, and with numerous Turrets crown'd,
 Aerial Spires, and Citadels, the Seat
 Of Kings, and Heroes resolute in War,
 Fam'd *Ariconium* ; uncontroul'd, and free,
 Till all subduing *Latin* Arms prevail'd.

Then

(7)
Then also, tho' to foreign Yoke submits,
She undemolish'd stood, and even 'till now
Perhaps had stood, of ancient *British* Art
A pleasing Monument, not less admir'd
Than what from *Attic*, or *Etruscan* Hands
Arose; had not the Heav'nly Pow'rs averse
Decreed her final Doom: For now the Fields
Labour'd with Thirst, *Aquarius* had not shed
His wonted Show'rs, and *Sirius* parch'd with Heat
Solstitial the green Herb: Hence 'gan relax
The Ground's Contexture, hence *Tartarean* Dregs,
Sulphur, and nitrous Spume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darksom Caves, by far
More dismal than the loud disploded Roar
Of brazen Enginry, that ceaseless storm
The Bastion of a well-built City, deem'd
Impregnable: Th' infernal Winds, 'till now
Closely imprison'd, by *Titanian* Warmth,
Dilating, and with unctuous Vapours fed,
Disdain'd their narrow Cells; and, their full Strength
Collecting, from beneath the solid Mass
Upheav'd, and all her Castles rooted deep
Shook from their lowest Seat; old *Vaga's* Stream,
Forc'd by the sudden Shock, her wonted Track
Forsook, and drew her humid Train aslope,
Crankling her Banks: And now the low'ring Sky,
And baleful Lightning, and the Thunder, Voice
Of angry Gods, that rattled solemn, dismaid
The sinking Hearts of Men. Where shou'd they turn
Distress'd? Whence seek for Aid? when from below
Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate supreme gives Signs
Of Wrath and Desolation? Vain were Vows,
And Plaints, and suppliant Hands, to Heav'n erect!
Yet come to Fanes repair'd, and humble Rites
Perform'd to *Thor*, and *Woden*, fabled Gods,
Who with their Vot'ries in one Ruin shar'd,
Crush'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others, in frantick Mood,
Un howling thro' the Streets, their ideous Yells

Rend the dark Welkin ; Horror stalks around,
 Wild-staring, and, his sad Concomitant,
 Despair, of abject Look: At ev'ry Gate
 The thronging Populace with hasty Strides
 Press furious, and, too eager of Escape,
 Obstruct the easie Way ; the rocking Town
 Supplants their Footsteps ; to, and fro, they reel
 Astonish'd, as o'er-charg'd with Wine ; when lo !
 The Ground adust her riven Mouth disparts,
 Horrible Chasm, profound ! with swift Descent
 Old *Ariconium* sinks, and all her Tribes,
 Heroes, and Senators, down to the Realms
 Of endless Night. Mean while, the loosen'd Winds
 Infuriate, molten Rocks and flaming Globes
 Hurl'd high above the Clouds ; 'till, all their Force
 Consum'd, her rav'nous Jaws th' Earth satiate clos'd.
 Thus this fair City fell, of which the Name
 Survives alone ; nor is there found a Mark,
 Whereby the curious Passenger may learn
 Her ample Site, save Coins, and mould'ring Urns,
 And huge unweildy Bones, lasting Remains
 Of that Gigantic Race, which, as he breaks
 The clotted Glebe, the Plowman haply finds,
 Appall'd. Upon that treacherous Tract of Land,
 She whilome stood ; now *Ceres*, in her Prime,
 Smiles fertile, and, with ruddiest Freight bedeckt,
 The Apple-Tree, by our Fore-fathers Blood
 Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muse,
 Urging her destin'd Labours to pursue.

The Prudent will observe, what Passions reign
 In various Plants (for not to Man alone,
 But all the wide Creation, Nature gave
 Love, and Aversion) : Everlasting Hate
 The *Vine* to *Ivy* bears, nor less abhors
 The *Coleworts* Rankness ; but, with amorous Twine,
 Clasps the tall *Elm* : The *Pæstan Rose* unfolds
 Her Bud, more lovely, near the fetid *Leek*,
 (Crest of stout *Britons*,) and inhances thence

The Price of her celestial Scent : The *Gourd*,
And thirsty *Cucumber*, when they perceive
Th' approaching *Olive*, with Resentment fly
Her fatty Fibres, and with Tendrils creep
Diverse, detesting Contact ; whilst the *Fig*
Contemns not *Rue*, nor *Sage's* humble Leaf,
Close Neighbouring ; The *Herefordian* Plant
Caresses freely the contiguous *Peach*,
Hazel, and weight-resisting *Palm*, and likes
T' approach the *Quince*, and th' *Elder's* pithy Stem ;
Uneasie, seated by funereal *Yew*,
Or *Walnut*, (whose malignant Touch impairs
All generous Fruits), or near the bitter Dews
Of *Cherries*. Therefore, weigh the Habits well
Of Plants, how they associate best, nor let
Ill Neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful Grass. [froth ?
Wouldst thou, thy Vats with gen'rous Juice should
Respect thy Orchats ; think not, that the Trees
Spontaneous will produce and wholesom Draught.
Let Art correct thy Breed : from Parent Bough
A Cyon meetly sever ; after, force
A way into the Crabstock's close-wrought Grain
By Wedges, and within the living Wound
Enclose the Foster Twig ; nor over-nice
Refuse with thy own Hands around to spread
The binding Clay : Ee'r-long their differing Veins
Unite, and kindly Nourishment convey
To the new Pupil ; now he shoots his Arms
With quickest Growth ; now shake the teeming Trunc,
Down rain th' impurpl'd Balls, ambrosial Fruit.
Whether the *Wilding's* Fibres are contriv'd
To draw th' Earth's purest Spirit, and resist
It's Feculence, which in more porous Stocks
Of *Cyder-Plants* finds Passage free, or else
The native Verjuice of the *Crab*, deriv'd
Thro' th' infix'd Graff, a grateful Mixture forms
Of tart and sweet ; whatever be the Cause,
This doubtful Progeny by nicest Tastes
Expected

(18)
Expected best Acceptance finds, and pays
Largest Revenues to the Orchat-Lord.

Some think, the *Quince* and *Apple* wou'd combine
In happy Union; Others fitter deem
The *Sloe*-Stem bearing *Sylvan* Plums austere.
Who knows but Both may thrive? Howe'er, what loss
To try the the Pow'rs of Both, and search how far
Two different Natures may concur to mix
In close Embraces, and strange Off-spring bear?
Thoul't find that Plants will frequent Changes try,
Undamag'd, and their marriageable Arms
Conjoin with others. So *Silurian* Plants
Admit the *Peaches*' odoriferous Globe,
And *Pears* of sundry Forms; at different times
Adopted *Plums* will aliene Branches grace;
And Men have gather'd from the *Hawthorn's* Branch
Large *Medlars*, imitating regal Crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautifie each Month
With Files of particolour'd Fruits, that please
The Tongue, and View, at once. So *Maro's* Muse,
Thrice sacred Muse! commodious Precepts gives
Instruative to the Swains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful: Sometimes she diverts
From solid Counsels, shews the Force of Love
In savage Beasts; how Virgin Face divine
Attracts the hapless Youth thro' Sorms, and Waves,
Alone, in deep of Night: Then she describes
The *Scythian* Winter, nor disdains to sing,
How under Ground the rude *Riphaean* Race
Mimic brisk *Cyder* with the Brakes Product wild;
Sloes pounded, Hips, and *Servus'* hardest Juice.

Let sage Experience teach thee all the Arts
Of Grafting, and In-Eyeing; when to lop
The flowing Branches; what Trees answer best
From Root, or Kernel: She will best the Hours
Of Harvest, and Seed-time declare; by Her
The different Qualities of things were found,
And secret Motions; how with heavy Eulke

Volatile

Volatile *Hermes*, fluid and utmoist,
Mounts on the Wings of Air; to Her we owe
The *Indian* Weed, unknown to ancient Times,
Nature's choice Gift, whose acrimonious Fume
Extracts superfluous Juices, and refines
The Blood distemper'd from its noxious Salts;
Friend to the Spirits, which with Vapours bland
It gently mitigates, Companion fit
Of Pleasantry, and Wine; nor to the Bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal Shell
Warble melodious their well-labour'd Songs.
She found the polish'd Glass, whose small Convex
Enlarges to ten Millions of Degrees
The Mite, invisible else, of Nature's Hand
Least Animal; and shews, what Laws of Life
The Cheese-Inhabitants observe, and how
Fabrick their Mansions in the harden'd Milk,
Wonderful Artists! But the hidden Ways
Of Nature would thou know? how first she frames
All things in Miniature? thy Specular Orb
Apply to well-dissected Kernels; lo!
Strange Forms arise, in each a little Plant
Unfolds its Boughs: observe the slender Threads
Of first beginning Trees, their Roots, their Leaves,
In narrow Seeds describ'd; Thou'lt wond'ring say,
An inmate Orchat ev'ry Apple boasts,
Thus All things by Experience are display'd.
And Most improv'd. Then sedulously think
To meliorate thy Stock; no Way, or Rule
Be unassay'd; prevent the Morning Star
Assiduous, nor with the Western Sun
Surcease to work; lo! thoughtful of Thy Gain,
Not of my Own, I all the live-long Day
Consume in Meditation deep, recluse
From human Converse, nor, at shut of Eve,
Enjoy Repose; but oft at Midnight Lamp
Ply my brain-racking Studies, if by chance
Thee I may counsel right; and oft this Care

Disturb

Disturbs me slumbring. Wilt thou then repine
To labour for thy Self? and rather chuse
To lye supinely, hoping, Heav'n will bless
Thy slighted Fruits, and give thee Bread unearn'd?

'Twill profit, when the Stork, sworn-Foe of Snakes,
Returns, to shew Compassion to thy Plants,
Fatigu'd with Breeding. Let the arched Knife
Well sharpen'd now assail the spreading Shades
Of Vegetables, and their thirsty Limbs
Dissever; for the genial Moisture, due
To Apples, othetwise mispends it self
In barren Twigs, and, for th'expected Crop,
Naught but vain Shoots, and empty Leaves abound.

When swelling Buds their od'rous Foliage shed,
And gently harden into Fruit, the Wise
Spare not the little Off-springs, if they grow
Redundant; but the thronging Clusters thin
By kind Avulsion: else, the starv'ling Brood,
Void of sufficient Sustenance, will yield
A slender Autum; which the niggard Soul
Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty Hand,
That would not timely ease the pond'rous Boughs.

It much conduces, all the Cares to know
Of Gard'ning, how to scare nocturnal Thieves,
And how the little Race of Birds, that hop
From Spray to Spray, scooping the costliest Fruit
Insatiate, undisturb'd. *Priapus*' Form
Avails but little; rather guard each Row
With the false Terrors of a breathless Kite.
This done, the timorous Flock with swiftest Wing
Scud thro' the Air; their Fancy represents
His mortal Talons, and his rav'nous Beak
Destructive; glad to shun his hostile Gripe,
The quit their Thefts, and unfrequent the Fields.

Besides, the filthy Swine will oft invade
Thy firm Inclosure, and with delving Snout
The rooted Forest undermine: forthwith
Alloo thy furious Mastiff, bid him vex

The noxious Herd, and print upon their Ears
A sad Memorial of their past Offence.

The flagrant *Procyon* will not fail to bring
Large Shoals of slow House-bearing Snails, that creep
O'er the ripe Fruitage, pating slimy Tracts
In the sleek Rinds, and unprest *Cyder* drink.

No Art averts this Pest ; on Thee it lyes,
With Morning and with Evening Hand to rid
The preying Reptiles ; nor, if wise, wilt thou
Decline this labour, which it self rewards

With pleasing Gain, wilt the warm Limbec draws
Salubrious Waters from the nocent Brood.

Myriads of Wasps now also clustring hang,
And drain a spurious Honey from thy Groves,
Their Winter Food ; tho' oft repulst, again

They rally, undismay'd : but Fraud with ease
Ensnares the noisom Swarms ; let ev'ry Bough

Bear frequent Vials, pregnant with the Dregs
Of *Moyle*, or *Mum*, or *Treacle's* viscous Juice ;

They, by th'alluring Odor drawn, in haste
Fly to the dulcet Cates, and crouding sip

Their palatable Bane ; joyful thou'lt see

The clammy Surface all o'er-strown with Tribes
Of greedy Insects, that with fruitless Toil

Flap filmy Pennons oft, to extricate

Their Feet, in liquid Shackles bound, 'till Death
Bereave them of their worthless Souls : Such doom

Waits Luxury, and lawless Love of Gain !

Howe'er thou maist forbid external Force,

Intestine Evils will prevail ; damp Airs,

And rainy Winters, to the Centre pierce

Of firmest Fruits, and by unseen Decay

The proper Relish vitiate : then the Grub

Of unobserv'd invades the vital Core,

Pernicious Tenant, and her secret Cave

Enlarges ourly, preying on the Pulp

Ceaseless ; mean while the Apple's outward Form

Delectable the witless Swain beguiles,

'Till, with a writhen Mouth, and spattering Noise,
 He tastes the bitter Morsel, and rejects
 Disrelisht; not with less Surprise, then when
 Embattled Troops with flowing Banners pass
 Thro' flow'ry Meads delighted, nor distrust
 The smiling surface; whilst the cavern'd Ground,
 With Grain incentive stor'd, by suddain Blaze
 Bursts fatal, and involves the Hopes of War
 In fiery Whirls; full of victorious Thoughts,
 Torn and dismembred, they aloft expire.

Now turn thine Eye to view *Alcinous's* Groves,
 The Pride of the *Phæacian* Isle, from whence,
 Sailing the Spaces of the boundless Deep,
 To *Ariconium* pretious Fruits arriv'd:
 The *Pippin* burnisht o'er with Gold, the *Moile*
 Of sweetest hony'd Taste, the fair *Permain*,
 Temper'd, like comliest Nymph, with red and white.
Salopian Acres flourish with a Growth
 Peculiar, styl'd the *Ottley*: Be thou first
 This Apple to transplant; if to the Name
 It's Merits answers, no where shalt thou find
 A Wine more priz'd, or laudable of Taste.
 Nor does the *Eliot* least deserve thy Care,
 Nor *John-Apple*, whose wither'd Rind, entrencht
 With many a Furrow, aptly represents
 Decrepid Age; nor that from *Harvey* nam'd,
 Quick-relishing: Why should we sing the *Thrift*,
Codling, or *Pomroy*, or of pimpled Coat
 The *Russet*, or the *Cats-Head's* weighty Orb,
 Enormous in its Growth; for various Use
 Tho' these are meet, tho' after full repast
 Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich Desert?

What, tho' the *Pear-Tree* rival not the Worth,
 Of *Ariconian* Products? yet her Freight
 Is not contemn'd, yet her wide-branching Arms
 Best screen thy Mansion from the fervent Dog
 Adverse to Life; the wintry Hurricanes
 In vain employ their Roar, her Trunc unmov'd

Breaks the strong Onset, and controls their Rage.
 Chiefly the *Bosbury*, whose large Increase,
 Annual, in sumptuous Banquets claims Applause.
 Thrice acceptable Bev'rage! could but Art
 Subdue the floating Lee, *Pomona's* self
 Would dread thy Praise, and shun the dubious Strife.
 Be it thy Choice, when Summer-Heats annoy,
 To sit beneath her leafy Canopy,
 Quaffing rich Liquids: Oh! how sweet t' enjoy,
 At once her Fruits, and hospitable Shade!

But how with equal Number shall we match
 The *Musk's* surpassing Worth! that earliest gives
 Sure hopes of racy Wine, and in its Youth,
 Its tender Nonage, loads the spreading Boughs
 With large and juicy Off-spring, that defies
 The Vernal Nippings, and cold Syderal Blasts!
 Yet let her to the *Red-streak* yield, that once
 Was of the *Sylvan* Kind, unciviliz'd,
 Of no Regard, 'till *Scudamore's* skilful Hand
 Improv'd her, and by courtly Discipline
 Taught her the savage Nature to forget:
 Hence styl'd the *Scudamorean* Plant; whose Wine
 Who-ever tastes, let him with grateful Heart
 Respect that ancient loyal House, and wish
 The noble Peer, that now transcends our Hopes
 In early Worth, his Country's justest Pride,
 Uninterrupted Joy, and Health entire.

Let every Tree in every Garden own
 The *Red-streak* as supream, whose pulpous Fruit
 With Gold irradiate, and Vermilian shines
 Tempting, not fatal, as the Birth of that
 Primæval interdicted Plant, that won
 Fond *Eve* in hapless Hour to taste, and die.
 This, of more bounteous Influence, inspires
 Poetic Raptures, and the lowly Muse
 Kindes to loftier Strains; even I perceive
 Her sacred Virtue. See! the Numbers flow
 Easie, whilst, cheer'd with her nectareous Juice,

Hers, and my Country's Praises I exalt.
 Hail *Herefordian* Plant, that dost disdain
 All other Fields ! Heav'n's sweetest Blessing, hail !
 Be thou the copious Matter of my Song,
 And Thy choice *Nectar* ; on which always waits
 Laughter, and Sport, and care-beguiling Wit,
 And Friendship, chief Delight of Human Life.
 What shou'd we wish for more ? or why, in quest
 Of Foreign Vintage, insincere, and mixt,
 Traverse th' extreamest World ? Why tempt the Rage
 Of the rough Ocean ? when our native Glebe
 Imparts, from bounteous Womb, annual Recruits
 Of Wine delectable, that far surmounts
Gallic, or *Latin* Grapes, or those that see
 The setting Sun near *Calpe's* tow'ring Height.
 Nor let the *Rhodian*, nor the *Lesbian* Vines
 Vaunt their rich Must, nor let *Tokay* contend
 For Sov'ranty ; *Phænæus* self must bow
 To th' *Ariconian* Vales : And shall we doubt
 T' improve our vegetable Wealth, or let
 The Soil lye idle, which, with fit Manure,
 Will largest Usury repay, alone
 Impow'rd to supply what Nature asks
 Frugal, or what nice Appetite requires ?
 The Meadows here, with bat'ning Ooze enrich'd,
 Give Spirit to the Grass ; three Cubits high
 The jointed Herbage shoots ; th' unfallow'd Glebe
 Yearly o'ercomes the Granaries with Store
 Of Golden *Wheat*, the Strength of Human Life.
 Lo, on auxiliary Poles, the *Hops*
 Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet Array !
 Lo, how the Arable with *Barley-Grain*
 Stands thick, o'er-shadow'd, to the thirsty Hind
 Transporting Prospect ! These, as modern Use
 Ordains, infus'd, an Auburn Drink compose,
 Wholesome, of deathless Fame. Here, to the Sight,
 Apples of Price, and Plenteous Sheaves of Corn,
 Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe

Fitting congenial Juice ; so rich the Soil,
 So much does fructuous Moisture o'er-abound !
 Nor are the Hills unamiable, whose Tops
 To Heav'n aspire, affording Prospect sweet
 To Human Ken ; nor at their Feet the Vales
 Descending gently, where the lowing Herd
 Chews verd'rous Pasture ; nor the yellow Fields
 Gaily' enterchang'd, with rich Variety
 Pleasing, as when an *Emerald* green, enchas'd
 In Flamy Gold, from the bright Mass acquires
 A nobler Hue, more delicate to Sight.
 Next add the *Sylvan* Shades, and silent Groves,
 (Haunt of the *Druids*) whence the Hearth is fed
 With copious Fuel ; whence the sturdy Oak,
 A Prince's Refuge once, th' æternal Guard
 Of *England's* Throne, by tweating Peasants sell'd,
 Stems the vast Main, and bears tremendous War
 To distant Nations, or with Sov'ran Sway
 Aows the divided World to Peace and Love.
 Why shou'd the *Chalybes*, or *Bilboa* boast
 Their harden'd Iron ; when our Mines produce
 As perfect Martial Ore ? Can *Imolus'* Head
 Vie with our Saffron Odours ? Or the Fleece
 Ætic, or finest *Tarentine*, compare
 With *Lemster's* silken Wool ? Where shall we find
 Men more undaunted, for their Country's Weal,
 More prodigal of Life ? In ancient Days,
 The *Roman* Legions, and great *Cæsar* found
 Our Fathers no mean Foes : And *Cressy* Plains,
 And *Agincourt*, deep-ting'd with Blood, confess
 What the *Silures* Vigour unwithstood
 Cou'd do in rigid Fight ; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide-wasting Hand, first Garter'd Knight,
 Quiffant Author of great *Chandos'* Stem,
 High *Chandos*, that transmits Paternal Worth,
 Prudence, and ancient Prowess, and Renown,
 This Noble Off-spring. O thrice happy Peet !
 That, blest with hoary Vigour, view'st Thy self

Fresh blooming in Thy Generous Son ; whose Lips,
 Flowing with nervous Eloquence exact,
 Charm the wise Senate, and Attention win
 In deepest Councils : *Ariconium* pleas'd,
 Him, as her chosen Worthy, first salutes.
 Him on th' *Iberian*, on the *Gallic* Shore,
 Him hardy *Britons* bless ; His faithful Hand
 Conveys new Courage from afar, nor more
 The General's Conduct, than His Care avails.

Thee also, Glorious Branch of *Cecil's* Line,
 This Country claims ; with Pride and Joy to Thee
 Thy *Alterennis* calls : yet she endures
 Patient thy Absence, since Thy prudent Choice
 Has fix'd Thee in the Muse's fairest Seat,
 Where *Aldrich* reigns, and from his endless Store
 Of universal Knowledge still supplies
 His noble Care ; He generous Thoughts instills
 Of true Nobility, their Country's Love,
 (Chief End of Life) and form their ductile Minds
 To Human Virtues : By His Genius led,
 Thou soon in every Art preeminent
 Shalt grace this Isle, and rise to *Burleigh's* Fame.

Hail high-born Peer ! And Thou, great Nurse of Arts,
 And Men, from whence conspicuous Patriots spring,
Hammer, and *Bromley* ; Thou, to whom with due
 Respect *Wintonia* bows, and joyful owns
 Thy mitred Off-spring ; be for ever blest
 With like Examples, and to future Times
 Proficuous, such a Race of Men produce,
 As, in the Cause of Virtue firm, may fix
 Her Throne inviolate. Hear, ye Gods, this Vow
 From One, the meanest in her numerous Train ;
 Tho' meanest, not least studious of her Praise.

Muse, raise thy Voice to *Beaufort's* spotless Fame,
 To *Beaufort*, in a long Descent deriv'd
 From Royal Ancestry, of Kingly Rights
 Faithful Asserters : In Him centring meet
 Their glorious Virtues, high Desert from Pride

Disjoin'd,

Disjoin'd, unshaken Honour, and Contempt
 Of strong Allurements. O illustrious Prince!
 O Thou of ancient Faith! Exulting, Thee,
 In her fair List this happy Land inrolls.
 Who can refuse a Tributary Verse
 To *Weymouth*, firmest Friend of flighted Worth
 In evil Days? whose hospitable Gate,
 Unbarr'd to All, invites a numerous Train
 Of daily Guests; whose Board, with Plenty crown'd,
 Revives the Feast-rites old: Mean while His Care
 Forgets not the afflicted, but content
 In Acts of secret Goodness, shuns the Praise,
 That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous Lord,
 To blazon what tho' hid will beauteous shine;
 And with Thy Name to dignifie my Song.

But who is He, that on the winding Stream
 Of *Vaga* first drew vital Breath; and now
 Approv'd in *Anna's* secret Councils lies,
 Weighing the Sum of Things, with wise Forecast
 Sollicitous of public Good? How large
 His Mind, that comprehends what-e'er was known
 To Old, or Present Time; yet not elate,
 Not conscious of its Skill? What Praise deserves
 His liberal Hand, that gathers but to give,
 Preventing Suit? O not unthankful Muse,
 Him lowly reverence, that first deign'd to hear
 Thy Pipe, and skreen'd thee from opprobrious Tongues.
 Acknowledge thy Own *Harley*, and his Name
 Inscribe on ev'ry Bark; the wounded Plants
 Will fast increase, faster thy just Respect.

Such are our Heroes, by their Virtues known,
 Or Skill in Peace, and War: Of softer Mold
 The Female Sex, with sweet attractive Airs
 Obdure obdurate Hearts. The Travellers oft,
 That view their matchless Forms with transient Glance,
 Catch suddain Love, and sigh for Nymphs unknown,
 Submit with the Magic of their Eyes: nor hath
 The Dædal Hand of Nature only pour'd

Her Gifts of outward Grace; their Innocence
 Unfeign'd, and Virtue most engaging, free
 From Pride, or Artifice, long Joys afford
 To th' honest Nuptial Bed, and in the Wane
 Of Life, rebate the Miseries of Age.
 And is there found a Wretch, so base of Mind,
 That Woman's pow'ful Beauty dares condemn,
 Exactest Work of Heav'n? He ill deserves
 Or Love, or Pity; friendless let him see
 Uneasie, tedious Days, despis'd, forlorn,
 As Stain of Human Race: But may the Man,
 That chearfully recounts the Females Praise
 Find equal Love, and Love's untainted Sweets
 Enjoy with Honour. O, ye Gods! might I
 Elect my Fate, my happiest Choice should be
 A fair, and modest Virgin, that invites
 With Aspect chaste, forbidding loose Desire,
 Tenderly smiling; in whose Heav'nly Eye
 Sits purest Love enthron'd: But if the Stars
 Malignant, these my better Hopes oppose,
 May I, at least, the sacred Pleasures know
 Of strictest Amity; nor ever want
 A Friend, with whom I mutually may share
 Gladness, and Anguish, by kind Intercourse
 Of Speech, and Offices. May in my Mind,
 Indelible a grateful Sense remain
 Of Favours undeserv'd!—O Thou! from whom
 Gladly both Rich, and Low seek Aid; most Wise
 Interpreter of Right, whose gracious Voice
 Breaths Equity; and curbs too rigid Law
 With mild, impartial Reasons; what Returns
 Of Thanks are due to Thy Beneficence
 Freely vouchsaf, when to the Gates of Death
 I tended prone? If Thy indulgent Care
 Had not preven'd, among unbody'd Shades
 I now had wander'd; and these empty Thoughts
 Of Apples perish'd: But, uprais'd by Thee,
 I tune my Pipe afresh, each Night, and Day

Thy unexampled Goodness to extoll
Desirous ; but nor Night, nor Day suffice
For that great Task ; the highly Honour'd Name
Of *Trevor* must employ my willing Thoughts
Incessant, dwell for ever on my Tongue.

Let me be grateful, but let far from me
Be fawning Cringe, and false dissembling Look,
And servile Flattery, that harbours oft
In Courts, and gilded Roofs. Some loose the Bands
Of ancient Friendship, cancel Nature's Laws
For Pageantry, and tawdry Gugaws. Some
Renounce their Sires, oppose paternal Right
For Rule, and Power ; and other's Realms invade,
With specious Shews of Love. This traiterous Wretch
Betrays his Sov'ran. Others, destitute
Of real Zeal, to ev'ry Altar bend,
By Lucre sway'd, and act the basest Things
To be styl'd Honourable : Th' Honest Man,
Simple of Heart, prefers inglorious Want
To ill got Wealth ; rather from Door to Door
A jocund Pilgrim, tho' distress'd, he'll rove,
Than break his plighted Faith ; nor Fear, nor Hope,
Will shock his stedfast Soul ; rather debar'd
Each common Privilege, cut off from Hopes
Of meanest Gain, of present Goods despoil'd,
He'll bear the Marks of Infamy, contemn'd,
Unpity'd ; yet his Mind, of Evil pure,
Supports him, and Intention free from Fraud.
No retinue with observant Eyes
Attend him, if he can't with Purple stain
Of cumbrous Vestments, labour'd o'er with Gold,
Amaze the Croud, and set them all agape ;
Yet clad in homely Weeds, from Envy's Darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly Pangs
Of Conscience, nor with Spectre's grisly Forms,
Demons, and injur'd Souls, at Close of Day
Molested, sad interrupted Slumbers finds.
As a (Child, whose inexperienc'd Age

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 Of Conscience, nor with Spectre's grisly Forms,
 Demons, and injur'd Souls, at Close of Day
 Annoy'd, sad interrupted Slumbers finds.
 As a (Child, whose inexperienc'd Age

Nor evil Purpose fears, nor knows,) enjoys
 Night's sweet Refreshment, humid Sleep, sincere.
 When Chaunticleer, with Clarion shrill, recalls
 The rardy Day, he to his Labours hies
 Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
 Unhealthy Mortals, and with curious Search
 Examines all the Properties of Herbs,
 Fossils, and Minerals, that th' embowell'd Earth
 Displays, if by his Industry he can
 Benefit Human Race : Or else his Thoughts
 Are exercis'd with Speculations deep
 Of Good, and Just, and Meet, and th' wholsome Rules
 Of Temperance, and aught that may improve
 The moral Life ; not sedulous to rail,
 Nor with envenom'd Tongue to blast the Fame
 Of harmless Men, or secret Whispers spread,
 'Mong faithful Friends, to breed Distrust, and Hate.
 Studious of Virtue, he no Life observes
 Except his own, his own employs his Cares,
 Large Subject ! that he labour to refine
 Daily, nor of his little Stock denies
 Fit Alms to *Lazars*, merciful, and meek.

Thus sacred *Virgil* liv'd, from courtly Vice,
 And Baits of pompous *Rome* secure ; at Court
 Still thoughtful of the rural honest Life,
 And how t' improve his Grounds, and how himself :
 Best Poet ! fit Exemplar for the Tribe
 Of *Phæbus*, nor less fit *Mæonides*,
 Poor cyless Pilgrim ! and if after these,
 If after these another I may name,
 Thus tender *Spencer* liv'd, with mean Repast
 Content, depress'd by Penury, and Pine
 In Foreign Realm : Yet not debas'd his Verse
 By Fortune's Frowns. And had that Other Bard,
 Oh, had but He that first ennobled Song
 With holy Raptures, like his *Abdiel* been,
 'Mong many faithless, strictly faithful found ;
 Unpity'd, he should not have wail'd his Orbs,

That roll'd in vain to find the piercing Ray,
 And found no Dawn, by dim Suffusion veil'd!
 But He——However, let the Muse abstain,
 Nor blast his Fame, from whom she learnt to sing
 In much inferior Strains, grov'ling beneath
 Th' *Olympian* Hill, on Plains, and vales intent,
 Mean Follower. There let her rest a-while,
 Pleas'd with the fragrant Walks, and cool Retreat.

C Y D E R. Book II.

O *Harcourt*, Whom th' ingenuous Love of Arts
 Has carry'd from Thy native Soil, beyond
 Th' eternal *Alpine* Snows, and now detains
 In *Italy's* waste Realms, how long must we
 Lament Thy Absence? Whilst in sweet Sojour
 Thou view'st the Reliques of old *Rome*; or what,
 Unrival'd Authours by their presence, made
 For ever venerable, rural Seats,
Tibur, and *Tusculum*, or *Virgil's* Urn
 Green with immortal Bays, which happily Thou,
 Respecting his great Name, dost now approach
 With bended Knee, and strow with purple Flow'rs;
 Unmindful of Thy Friends, that ill can brook
 This long Delay. At length, Dear Youth, return,
 Of Wit, and Judgment ripe in blooming Years,
 And *Britain's* like with *Latian* Knowledge grace.
 Return, and let Thy Father's Worth excite
 Thirst of Preeminence; see! how the Cause
 Of Widows, and of Orphans He asserts
 With winnings Rhetoric, and well argu'd Law!
 Mark well His Footsteps, and, like Him, deserve
 Thy Prince's Favour, and Thy Country's Love.
 Mean while (altho' the *Masse* Grape delights
 Pregnant of racy Juice, and *Formian* Hills
 Temper Thy Cups, yet) wilt not Thou reject

Thy native Liquors: Lo! for thee my Mill
 Now grinds choice Apples, and the *British* Vats
 O'erflow with generous Cyder; far remote
 Accept this Labour, nor despise the Muse,
 That, passing Lands, and Seas, on Thee attends.

Thus far of Trees? The pleasing Task remains,
 To sing of Wines, and Autumn's best Increase.
 Th' Effects of Art are shewn, yet what avails
 'Gainst Heav'n? Oft, notwithstanding all thy Care
 To help thy Plants, when the small Fruit'ry seems
 Exempt from Ills, and Oriental Blast
 Disastrous flies, soon as the Hind, fatigu'd,
 Unyokes his Team; the tender Freight, unskill'd
 To bear the hot Disease, distemper'd pines
 In the Year's Prime, the deadly Plague annoys
 The wide Inclosure; think not vainly now
 To treat thy Neighbours with mellifluous Cups,
 Thus disappointed: If the former Years
 Exhibit no Supplies, alas! thou must,
 With tasteless Water wash thy drougthy Throat.

A thousand Accidents the Farmer's Hopes
 Subvert, or cheque; uncertain all his Toil,
 'Till lusty Autumn's luke-warm Days, allay'd
 With gentle Colds, insensibly confirm
 His ripening Labours: Autumn to the Fruits
 Earth's various Lap produces, Vigour gives
 Equal itinerating milky Grain,
 Berries, and Sky-dy'd Plums, and what in Coat
 Rough, or soft Rind, or bearded Husk, or Shell;
 Fat *Olives*, and *Pistacio's* fragrant Nut,
 And the *Pine's* tastful Apple: Autumn paints
Ausonian Hills with Grapes, whilst *English* Plains
 Blush with pomaceous Harvests, breathing Sweets.
 O let me now, when the kind early Dew
 Unlocks th' embosom'd Odors, walk among
 The well rang'd Files of Trees, whose full-ag'd Store
 Diffuse *Ambrosial* Steams, than *Myrrh*, or *Nard*
 More grateful, or perfuming flow'ry *Beane*!

Soft whisp'ring Airs, and the Larks matten Song
 Then woo to musing, and becalm the Mind
 Perplex'd with irksome Thoughts. Thrice happy time,
 Best Portion of the various Year, in which
 Nature rejoyceth, smiling on her Works
 Lovely, to full Perfection wrought ! but ah,
 Short are our Joys, and neighb'ring Grievs disturb
 Our pleasant Hours. Inclement Winter dwells
 Contiguous ; forthwith frosty Blasts deface
 The blithsome Year : Trees of their shrivel'd Fruits
 Are widow'd, dreery Storms o'er all prevail.
 Now, now's the time ; e'er hasty Suns forbid
 To work, disburthen thou thy sapless *Wood*
 Of its rich Progeny ; the turgid Fruit
 Abounds with mellow Liquor ; now exhort
 Thy Hinds to exercise the pointed Steel
 On the hard Rock, and give a wheely Form
 To the expected Grinder : Now prepare
 Materials for thy Mill, a sturdy Post
Cylindric, to support the Grinder's Weight
 Excessive, and a flexile Sallow' entrench'd,
 Rounding, capacious of the juicy Hord.
 Nor must thou not be mindful of thy Press
 Long e'er the Vintage ; but with timely Care
 Shave the Goat's shaggy Beard, lest thou too late,
 In vain should'st seek a Strainer, to dispart
 The husky, terrene Dregs, from purer Must.
 Be cautious next a proper Steed to find,
 Whose Prime is past ; the vigorous Horse disdains
 Such servile Labours, or, if forc'd, forgets
 His past Atchievements, and victorious Palms.
 Blind *Bayard* rather, worn with Work, and Years,
 Shall roll th' unweildy Stone ; with sober Pace
 He'll tread the circling Path 'till dewy Eve,
 From early Day-spring, pleas'd to find his Age
 Declining, not unuseful to his Lord.
 Some, when the Press, by utmost Vigour screw'd,
 Has drain'd the pulpos Mass, regale their Swine
 With

With the dry Refuse; thou, more wise shalt steep
 Thy Husks in Water, and again employ
 The pondrous Engine. Water will imbibe
 The small Remains of Spirit, and acquire
 A vinous Flavour; this the Peasants blith
 Will quaff, and whistle, as thy tinkling Team
 They drive, and sing of *Fusca's* radiant Eyes,
 Pleas'd with the medly Draught. Nor shalt thou now
 Reject the *Apple-Cheese*, tho' quite exhaust;
 Ev'n now 'twill cherish, and improve the Roots
 Of sickly Plants; new Vigor hence convey'd
 Will yield an Harvest of unusual Growth.

Such Profit springs from Husks discreetly us'd!

The tender Apples, from their Parents rent
 By stormy Shocks, must not neglected lye,
 The Prey of Worms: A frugal Man I knew,
 Rich in one barren Acre, which, subdu'd
 By endless Culture, with sufficient Must
 His Casks replenisht yearly: He no more
 Desir'd, nor wanted, diligent to learn
 The various Seasons, and by Skill repel
 Invading Pests, successful in his Cares,
 'Till the damp *Lybian* Wind, with Tempests arm'd
 Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst
 His Cyder-Grove: O'er-turn'd by furious blasts,
 The lightly Ranks fall prostrate, and around
 Their Fruitage scatter'd, from the genial Boughs
 Stript immature: Yet did he not repine,
 Nor curse his Stars; but prudent, his fall'n Heaps
 Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid Wreaths
 Of tedded Grass, and the Sun's mellowing Beams
 Rival'd with artful Heats, and thence procur'd
 A costly Liquor, by improving Time
 Equal'd with what, the happiest Vintage bears.

But this I warn Thee, and shall alway warn,
 No heterogeneous Mixtures use, as some
 With watry Turneps have debas'd their Wines,
 Too frugal; nor let the crude Humors dance

In heated Brass, steaming with Fire intense;
 Altho' *Devonia* much commends the Use
 Of strengthning *Vulcan*; with their native Strength
 Thy Wines sufficient, other Aid refuse;
 And, when th' allotted Orb of Time's compleat,
 Are more commended than the labour'd Drinks.

Nor let thy Avarice tempt thee to withdraw
 The Priest's appointed Share; with cheerful Heart
 The tenth of thy Increase bestow, and own
 Heav'n's bounteous Goodness, that will sure repay
 Thy grateful Duty: This neglected, fear
 Signal Avengeance, such as over-took
 A Miser, that unjustly once with-held
 The Clergy's Due; relying on himself,
 His Fields he tended with successless Care,
 Early, and late, when, or unwish't for Rain
 Descended, or unseasonable Frosts
 Curb'd his increasing Hopes, or when around
 The Clouds dropt Fatness, in the middle Sky
 The Dew suspended staid, and left unmoist
 His execrable Glebe; recording this,
 Be Just, and Wise, and tremble to transgress.

Learn now, the Promise of the coming Year

To know, that by no flattering Signs abus'd,
 Thou wisely may'st provide: The various Moon
 Prophetic, and attendant Stars explain
 Each rising Dawn; e'er Icy Crusts surmount
 The current Stream, the heav'nly Orbs serene
 Twinkle with trembling Rays, and *Cynthia* glows
 With Light unsully'd: Now the Fowler, warn'd
 By these good Omens, with swift early Steps
 Treads the crimp Earth, ranging thro' Fields and Glades
 Offensive to the Birds, sulphureous Death
 Checques their mid Flight, and heedless while they strain
 Their tuneful Throats, the tow'ring, heavy Lead
 O'er-takes their Speed; they leave their little Lives
 Above the Clouds, præcipitant to Earth.

The Woodcock, early Visit, and Abode
 Of long Continuance in our temperate Clime;
 Foretel a liberal Harvest: He of Times
 Intelligent, th' harsh *Hyperborean* Ice
 Shuns for our equal Winters; when our Suns
 Cleave the chill'd Soil, he backward wings his Way
 To *Scandinavian* frozen Summers, meet
 For his num'd Blood. But nothing profits more
 Than frequent Snows: O, may'st Thou often see
 Thy Furrows whiten'd by the woolly Rain,
 Nutricious! Secret Nitre lurks within
 The porous Wet, quick'ning the languid Glebe.

Sometimes thou shalt with fervent Vows implore
 A moderate Wind; the Orchat loves to wave
 With Winter-Winds, before the Gems exert
 Their feeble Heads; the loosen'd Roots then drink
 Large Increment, Earnest of happy Years.

Nor will it nothing profit to observe
 The monthly Stars, their pow'rful Influence
 O'er planted Fields, what Vegetables reign
 Under each Sign. On our Account has *Jove*
 Indulgent, to all Moons some succulent Plant
 Allotted, that poor, helpless Man might slack
 His present Thirst, and Matter find for Toil.
 Now will the *Corintbs*, now the *Rasps* supply
 Delicious Draughts; the *Quinces* now, or *Plums*,
 Or *Cherries*, or the fair *Thusbeian* Fruit
 Are prest to Wines; the *Britons* squeeze the Works
 Of sedulous Bees, and mixing od'rous Herbs
 Prepare balsamic Cups, to wheezing Lungs
 Medicinal, and short-breath'd, ancient Sires.

But, if Thou'rt indefatigably bent
 To toil, and omnifarious Drinks wou'dst brew;
 Besides the Orchat, ev'ry Hedge, and Bush
 Affords Assistance; ev'n afflictive *Birch*,
 Curs'd by unletter'd, idle Youth, distills
 A limpid Current from her wounded Bark,
 Profuse of nursing Sap. When Solar Beams

Parch thirsty human Veins, the damask't Meads;
Unforc'd display ten thousand painted Flow'rs
Useful in Potables. Thy little Sons.

Permit to range the Pastures; gladly they
Will mow the *Cowslip*-Posies, faintly sweet,
From whence thou artificial Wines shalt drain
Of ici Taste, that, in mid Fervors, best
Slack craving Thirst, and mitigate the Day.

Happy *Ierne*, whose most wholesome Air
Poisons envenom'd Spiders, and forbids
The baleful Toad, and Viper from her Shore!
More happy in her Balmy Draughts, (enrich'd
With Miscellaneous Spices, and the Root
For Thirst-abating Sweetness prais'd,) which wide
Extend her Fame, and to each drooping Heart
Present Redress, and lively Health convey.

See, how the *Belgæ*, Sedulous, and Stout,
With Bowls of farning *Mum*, or blissful Cups
Of Kernell-relish'd Fluids, the fair Star
Of early *Phosphorus* salute, at Noon
Jocund with frequent-rising Fumes! by Use
Instructed, thus to quell their Native Flegm
Prevailing, and engender wayward Mirth.

What need to treat of distant Climes, remov'd
Far from the sloping Journey of the Year,
Beyond *Petsora*, and *Islandic* Coasts?

Where ever-during Snows, perpetual Shades
Of Darkness, would congeal their livid Blood,
Did not the *Arctic* Tract, spontaneous yield
A cheering purple Berry, big with Wine,
Intensely fervent, which each Hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming Pile of Pines, and oft
They interlard their native Drinks with choice
Of strongest *Brandy*, yet scarce with these Aids
Enabl'd to prevent the suddain Rot
Of freezing Nose, and quick-decaying Feet.

Nor less the Sable Borderers of *Nile*,
Nor who *Taprobane* manure, nor They,

Whom

Whom sunny *Borneo* bears, are stor'd with Streams
 Egregious, *Rum*, and *Rice's* Spirit extract.
 For here, expos'd to perpendicular Rays,
 In vain they covet Shades, and *Thrascias'* Gales,
 Pining with *Aequinoctial* Heat, unless
 The Cordial Glass perpetual Motion keep,
 Quick circuiting; nor dare they close their Eyes,
 Void of a bulky Charger near their Lips,
 With which, in often-interrupted Sleep,
 Their frying Blood compells to irrigate
 Their dry-furr'd Tongues, else minutely to Death
 Obnoxious, dismal Death, th' Effect of Drought!

More happy they, born in *Columbus'* World,
Carybbes, and they, whom the Cotton Plant
 With downy-sprouting Vests arrays! Their Woods
 Bow with prodigious Nuts, that give at once
 Celestial Food, and Nectar; then, at hand
 The *Lemmon*, uncorrupt with Voyage long,
 To vinous Spirits added (heav'nly Drink!)
 They with Pneumatic Engine, ceaseless draw,
 Intent on Laughter; a continual Tide
 Flows from th' exhilarating Fount. As, when
 Against a secret Cliff, with soddain Shock
 A Ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the Sea,
 Th' astonish'd Mariners ay ply the Pump,
 No Stay, nor Rest, 'till the wide Breach is clos'd.
 So they (but chearful) unfatigu'd, still move
 The draining Sucker, then alone concern'd,
 When the dry Bowl forbids their pleasing Work.

But if to hording Thou art bent, thy Hopes
 Are frustrate, shou'dst Thou think thy Pipes will flow
 With early-limpid Wine. The horded Store,
 And the harsh Draught, must twice endure the Sun's
 Kind strengthening Heat, twice Winter's purging Cold.

There are, that a compounded Fluid drain
 From different Mixtures, *Woodcock*, *Pippin*, *Moyle*,
 Rough *Eliot*, sweet *Permain*, the blended Streams
 (Each mutually correcting each) create

pleasurable Medly, of what Taste
hardly distinguish'd ; as the show'ry Arch;
With list'd Colours gay, Or, *Azure*, *Gules*,
Delights, and puzzles the Beholder's Eye,
That views the warry Brede, with thousand Shews
Of Painture vary'd, yet's unskill'd to tell
Or where one Colour rises, or one faints.

Some Cyders have by Art, or Age unlearn'd
Their genuine Relish, and of sundry Vines
Assum'd the Flavour ; one sort counterfeits
The Spanish Product, this, to *Gauls* has seem'd.
The sparking *Nectar* of *Champaigne* ; with that,
A *German* oft has swill'd his Throat, and sworn,
Deluded, that Imperial *Rhine* bestow'd
The Generous Rummer, whilst the Owner pleas'd,
Laughs inly at his Guests, thus entertain'd
With Foreign Vintage from his Cyder-Cask.

Soon as thy Liquor from the narrow Cells
Of close-press'd Husks is freed, thou must refrain
Thy thirsty Soul ; let none persuade to broach
Thy thick, unwholsom, undigested Cades :
The hoary Frosts, and Northern Blasts take care
Thy muddy Bev'rage to serene, and drive
Precipitant the baser, ropy Lees.

And now thy Wyne's transpicuous, purg'd from all
It's earthy Gross, yet let it feed awhile
On the fat Refuse, least too soon disjoin'd
From spritely, it, to sharp, or vappid change.
When to convenient Vigour it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen Tube
Inflex't ; self-taught, and voluntary flies
The defecated Liquor, thro' the Vent
Ascending, then by downward Tract convey'd,
Spouts into subject Vessels, lovely clear.
As when a Noon-tide Sun, with Summer Beams,
Darts thro' a Cloud, her watry Skirts are edg'd
With lucid Amber, or undrossy Gold :
So, and so richly, the purg'd Liquid shines.

Now

Now also, when the Golds abate, nor yet
Full Summer shines, a dubious Season, close
In Glas thy purer Streams, and let them gain,
From due Confinement, Spirit, and Flavour new.

For this Intent, the subtle Chymist feeds
Perpetual Flames, whose unresisted Force
O'er Sand, and Ashes, and the stubborn Flint
Prevailing, turns into a fusil Sea,
That in his Furnace bubbles funny-red :
From hence a glowing Drop with hollow'd Steel
He rakes, and by one efficacious Breath
Dilates to a surprizing Cube, or Sphaere,
Or Oval, and fit Receptacles forms
For every Liquid, with his plastic Lungs,
To human Life subservient ; By his Means
Cyders in Metal frail improve ; the *Moyle*,
And tastful *Pippin*, in a Moon's short Year,
Acquire compleat Perfection : Now they smoke
Transparent, sparkling in each Drop, Delight
Of curious Palate, by fair Virgins crav'd.
But harsher Fluids different lengths of time
Expect : Thy Flask will slowly mitigate
The *Eliot's* Roughness. *Stirom*, firmest Fruit,
Embottled (long as *Priameian* *Troy*
Withstood the *Greeks*) endures, e'er justly mild.
Softened by Age, it youthful Vigor gains,
Fallacious Drink ! Ye honest Men beware,
Nor trust its Smoothness ; The third circling Glas
Suffices Virtue : But may Hypocrites,
(That slyly speak one thing, another think,
Hateful as Hell) pleas'd with the Relish weak,
Drink on unwarn'd, 'till by enchanting Cups
Infatuate, they their wily Thoughts disclose,
And thro' Intemperance grow a while sincere.

The Farmer's Toil is done ; his Cades mature,
Now call for Vent, his Lands exhaust permit
T' indulge awhile. Now solemn Rites he pays
To *Bacchus*, Author of Heart-cheering Mirth.

His honest Friends, at thirty hour of Dusk;
 Come uninvited; he with bounteous Hand
 Imparts his smoaking Vintage, sweet Reward
 Of his own Industry; the well fraught Bowl
 Circles incessant, whilst the humble Cell
 With quavering Laugh, and rural Jest resounds.
 Ease, and Content, and undissembled Love
 Shine in each Face; the Thoughts of Labour past
 Encrease their Joy. As, from retentive Cage
 When sullen *Philomel* escapes, her Notes
 She varies, and oft past Imprisonment
 Sweetly complains; her Liberty retriev'd
 Cheers her sad Soul, improves her pleasing Song.
 Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceed the Bounds
 Of healthy Temp'rance, nor incroach on Night,
 Season of Rest, but well bedew'd repair
 Each to his Home, with unsupplanted Feet.
 E'er Heav'n's emblazon'd by the rosie Dawn
 Domestic Cares awake them; brisk they rise,
 Refresh'd, and lively with the Joys that flow
 From amicable Talk, and moderate Cups
 Sweetly interchang'd. The pining Lover finds
 Present Redress, and long Oblivion drinks
 Of Coy *Lucinda*. Give the Debtor Wine;
 His Joys are short, and few; yet when he drinks
 His Dread retires, the flowing Glasses add
 Courage, and Mirth: magnificent in Thought,
 Imaginary Riches he enjoys,
 And in the Goal expatiates unconfin'd.
 Nor can the Poet *Bacchus*' Praise indite,
 Debarr'd his Grape: The Muses still require
 Humid Regalement, nor will aught avail
 Exploring *Phœbus*, with unmoisten'd Lips.
 Thus to the generous Bottle all incline,
 By parching Thirst allur'd: With vehement Suns
 When dusty Summer bakes the crumbling Clods,
 How pleasant is't, beneath the twisted Arch
 Of a retreating Bow'r, in Mid-day's Reign

To ply the sweet Carouse, remote from Noise;
 Secur'd of fev'rish Heats! When th' aged Year
 Inclines, and *Boreas*' Spirit blusters frore,
 Beware th' inclement Heav'ns; now let thy Hearth
 Crackle with juiceless Boughs; thy lingring Blood
 Now instigate with th' Apples powerful Streams.
 Perpetual Showers, and stormy Gusts confine
 The willing Ploughman, and *December* warns
 To Annual Jellities; now sportive Youth
 Carol incondite Rhythms, with suiting Notes;
 And quaver unharmonious; sturdy Swains
 In clean Array, for rustic Dance prepare,
 Mixt with the Buxom Damsels; hand in hand
 They frisk, and bound, and various Mazes weave;
 Shaking their brawny Limbs, with uncouth Mein,
 Transported, and sometimes, and oblique Leer
 Dart on their Loves, sometimes, an hasty Kiss
 Steal from unwary Lasses; they with Scorn,
 And Neck reclin'd, resent the ravish'd Bliss.
 Mean while, blind *British* Bards with volant Touch
 Traverse loquacious Strings, whose solemn Notes
 Provoke to harmless Revels; these among,
 A subtle Artist stands, in wondrous Bag
 That bears imprison'd Winds, (of gentler sort
 Than those, which erst *Laertes* Son enclos'd.)
 Peaceful they sleep, but let the tuneful Squeeze
 Of labouring Elbow rouse them, out they fly
 Melodious, and with spritely Accents charm.
 'Midst these Disports, forget they not to drench
 Themselves with bellying Goblets, nor when Spring
 Returns, can they refuse to usher in
 The fresh-born Year with loud Acclaim, and store
 Of jovial Draughts, now, when the sappy Boughs
 Attire themselves with Blooms, sweets Rudiments
 Of future Harvest: When the *Gnosian* Crown
 Leads on expected Autumn, and the Trees
 Discharge their mellow Burthens, let them thank
 Boon Nature, that thus annually supplies

Their Vaults, and with her former Liquid Gifts
 exhilarate their languid Minds, within
 The Golden *Mean* confin'd : Beyond, there's naught
 Of Health, or Pleasure, Therefore, when thy Heart
 Dilates with fervent Joys, and eager Soul
 prompts to pursue the sparkling Glass, be sure
 'Tis time to shun it ; if thou wilt prolong
 dire Computation, forthwith Reason quits
 her Empire to Confusion, and Misrule,
 and vain Debates ; then twenty Tongues at once
 conspire in senseless Jargon, naught is heard
 but Din, and various Clamour, and mad Rant :
 Distrust, and Jealousie to these succeed,
 and anger-kindling Taunt, the certain Bane
 of well-knit Fellowship. Now horrid Frays
 commence, the brimming Glasses now are hurl'd
 with dire Intent ; Bottles with Bottles clash
 in rude Encounter, round their Temples fly
 the sharp edg'd Fragments, down their batter'd Cheeks
 next Gore, and Cyder flow : What shall we say
 of rash *Elpenor*, who in evil Hour
 lay'd an immeasurable Bowl, and thought
 to exhale his Surfeit by irriguous Sleep,
 imprudent ? Him, Death's Iron-Sleep oppress'd,
 descending careless from his Couch ; the Fall
 next his Neck-joint, and spinal Marrow bruis'd.
 Nor need we tell what anxious Cares attend
 the turbulent Mirth of Wine ; nor all the kinds
 of Maladies, that lead to Death's grim Cave,
 brought by Intemperance, joint racking Gout,
 the stony Stone, and pining Atrophy,
 all, even when the Sun with *July*-Heats
 scorches the Soil, and Dropsy all a-float ;
 craving Liquid : Nor the *Centaur's* Tale
 were repeated ; how with Lust, and Wine
 am'd, they fought, and spilt their drunken Souls
 in the feasting Hour. Ye Heav'nly Pow'rs, that guard
 the *British* Isles, such dire Events remove

Far from fair *Albion*, nor let Civil Broils
 Ferment from Social Cups: May we, remote
 From the hoarse, brazen Sound of War, enjoy
 Our humid Products, and with seemly Draughts
 Enkindle Mirth, and Hospitable Love.

Too oft alas! has mutual Hatred drench'd
 Our Swords in Native Blood, too oft has Pride,
 And hellish Discord, and insatiate Thirst
 Of other's Rights, our Quiet discompos'd.
 Have we forgot, how fell Destruction rag'd
 Wide-spreading, when by *Eris*' Torch incens'd
 Our Fathers warr'd? What Hero's, signaliz'd
 For Loyalty, and Prowess, met their Fate
 Untimely, undeserv'd! How *Bertie* fell,
Compton, and *Granvill*, dauntless Sons of *Mars*,
 Fit Themes of endless Grief, but that we view
 Their Virtues yet surviving in their Race!

Can we forget, how the mad, headstrong Rout
 Defy'd their Prince to Arms, nor made account
 Of Faith, or Duty, or Allegiance sworn?

Apostate, Atheist Rebels! bent to Ill,
 With seeming Sanctity, and cover'd Fraud,
 Instill'd by him, who first presum'd to oppose
 Omnipotence; alike their Crime, th' Event
 Was not alike; these triumph'd, and in height
 Of barbarous Malice, and insulting Pride,
 Abstain'd not from Imperial Blood. O Fact

Unparallel'd! O *Charles*! O Best of Kings!
 What Stars their black, disastrous Influence shed
 On Thy Nativity, that Thou shou'dst fall
 Thus, by inglorious Hands, in this Thy Realm,
 Supreme, and Innocent, adjudg'd to Death
 By those, Thy Mercy only wou'd have sav'd!
 Yet was the Cyder-Land unstain'd with Guilt;
 The Cyder-Land, obsequious still to Thrones,
 Abhorr'd such base, disloyal Deeds, and all
 Her Pruning-hooks extended into Swords,
 Undaunted, to assert the trampled Rights
 Of Monarchy: but, ah! (unsuccessful She

How

However faithful ! then was no Regard
Of Right, or Wrong. And this, once Happy Land
By home-bred Fury rent, long groan'd beneath
Tyrannic Sway, 'till fair-revolving Years
Our exil'd Kings, and Liberty restor'd.

Now we exult, by mighty *ANNA*'s Care
Secure at home, while She to foreign Realms
Sends forth her dreadful Legions, and restrains
The Rage of Kings : Here, nobly She supports
Justice oppress'd ; here, Her victorious Arms
Quell the Ambitious : From Her Hand alone
All *Europe* fears Revenge, or hopes Redress.

Rejoice, O *Albion* ! sever'd from the World
By Nature's wise Indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without ; in One Supreme
Intirely blest ; and from beginning time

Design'd thus happy ; but the fond Desire
Of Rule, and Grandeur, multiply'd a Race
Of Kings, and numerous Sceptres introduc'd,
Destructive of the public Weal : For now

Each Potentate, as wary Fear, or Strength,
Or Emulation urg'd, his Neighbour's Bounds
Invades, and ampler Territory seeks
With ruinous Assault ; on every Plain

Host cop'd wit Host, dire was the Din of War,
And ceaseless, or short Truce haply procur'd

By Havoc, and Dismay, 'till Jealousy
Rais'd new Combustion : Thus was Peace in vain
Sought for by Martial Deeds, and Conflict stern :

Till *Edgar* grateful (as to those who pine
A dismal half-Year Night, the orient Beam
Of *Phæbus* Lamp) arose, and into one

Cemented all the long-contending Pow'rs,
Pacific Monarch ; then Her lovely Head

Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd

The Spirit of Love ; at Ease, the Bards new strung
Their silent Harps, and taught the Woods, and Vales,
Uncouth Rhythms, to echo *Edgar*'s Name.

Then Gladness smil'd in every Eye ; the Years

Ran

Ran smoothly on, productive of a Line
Of wise, Heroic Kings, that by just Laws
Establish'd Happiness at home, or crush'd
Insulting Enemies in farthest Climes.

See Lyon-Hearted *Richard*, with his Force
Drawn from the North, to *Jury's* hallow'd Plains!
Piously valiant, (like a Torrent swell'd
With wintry Tempests, that disdains all Mounds,
Breaking a Way impetuous, and involves
Within its Sweep, Trees, Houses, Men) he press'd
Amidst the thickest Battel; and o'er-threw
What-e'er withstood his zealous Rage; no Pause,
No Stay of Slaughter, found his vigorous Arm,
But th' unbelieving Squadrons turn'd to Flight
Smote in the Rear, and with dishonest Wounds
Mangl'd behind: The *Soldan*, as he fled,
Oft call'd on *Alla*, gnashing with Despite,
And Shame, and murmur'd many an empty Curse.

Behold Third *Edward's* Streamers blazing high
On *Gallia's* hostile Ground! his Right withheld,
Awakens Vengeance; O imprudent *Gauls*,
Relyings on false Hopes, thus to incense
The warlike *English*! one important Day
Shall teach you meaner Thoughts: Eager of Fight,
Fierce *Brutus* Off-spring to the adverse Front
Advance resistless, and their deep Array
With furious Inroad pierce; the mighty Force
Of *Edward*, twice o'eturn'd their desperate King,
Twice he arose, and join'd the horrid Shock:
The third time, with his wide-extended Wings,
He fugitive declin'd superior Strength,
Discomfited; pers'd, in the sad Chace
Ten Thousands ignominious fall; with Bloud
The Vallies float: Great *Edward* thus aveng'd,
With golden *Iris* his broad Shield emboss'd.

Thrice glorious Prince! whom, Fame with all her
[Tongues
For ever shall resound. Yet from his Loins

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New Authors of Dissention spring ; from him
 Two Branches, that in hosting long contend
 For Sov^{ran} Sway ; (and can such Anger dwell
 In noblest Minds ?) but little now avail'd
 The Ties of Friendship ; every Man, as lead
 By Inclination, or vain Hope, repair'd
 To either Camp, and breath'd immortal Hate,
 And dire Revenge : Now horrid Slaughter reigns ;
 Sons against Fathers tilt the fatal Lance,
 Careless of Duty, and their native Grounds
 Distain with Kindred Blood, the twanging Bows
 Send Showers of Shafts, that on their barbed Points
 Alternate Ruin bear. Here might you see
 Barons, and Peasants on th' embattled Field
 Slain, or half dead, in one huge, ghastly Heap
 Promiscuously amass : with dismal Groans,
 And Ejulation, in the Pangs of Death
 Some call for Aid, neglected ; some o'erturn'd
 In the fierce Shock, lye gasping, and expire,
 Trampled by fiery Coursers ; Horror thus,
 And wild Uproar, and Desolation reign'd
 Unrespited : Ah ! who at length will end
 This long, pernicious Fray ? What Man has Fate
 Reserv'd for this great Work ? — Hail, happy Prince
 Of *Tudor's* Race, whom in the Womb of Time
Cadwallador foresaw ! Thou, Thou art He,
 Great *Richmond Henry*, that by nuptial Rites
 Must close the Gates of *Janus*, and remove
 Destructive Discord : Now no more the Drum
 Provoke to Arms, or Trumpet's Clangor shrill
 Affrights the Wives, or chills the Virgin's Bloud ;
 But Joy, and Pleasure open to the View
 Uninterrupted ! With presaging Skill
 Thou to Thy own unitest *Fergus' Line*
 By wise Alliance ; from thee *James* descends,
 Heav'n's chosen Fav'rite, first *Britannic King*.
 To him alone, Hereditary Right
 Gave Power supreme ; yet still some Seeds remain'd

Of Discontent ; two Nations under One,
 In Laws and Int'rest diverse, still persu'd
 Peculiar Ends, on each Side resolute
 To fly Conjunction ; neither Fear, nor Hope,
 Nor the sweet Prospect of a mutual Gain,
 Cou'd ought avail, 'till prudent *A N N A* said
Let there be UNION ; strait with Reverence due
 To Her Command, they willingly unite,
 One in Affection, Laws, and Government,
 Indissolubly firm ; from *Dubris* South,
 To Northern *Orcades*, Her long Domain.

And now thus leagu'd by an eternal Bond,
 What shall retard the *Britons*' bold Designs,
 Or who sustain their Force ; in Union knit,
 Sufficient to withstand the Pow'rs combin'd
 Of all this Globe ? At this important Act
 The *Mauritanian* and *Catbaian* Kings
 Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd *Turk*
 Dreads War from utmost *Thule* ; uncontrol'd
 The *British* Navy thro' the Ocean vast
 Shall wave her double Cross, r' extreamest Climes
 Terrific, and return with odorous Spoils
 Of *Araby* well fraught, or *Indus*' Wealth,
 Pearl, and Barbaric Gold ; mean while the Swains
 Shall unmolested reap, what Plenty strows
 From well stor'd Horn, rich Grain, and timely Fruits.
 The elder Year, *Pomona*, pleas'd, shall deck
 With ruby-tinctur'd Births, whose liquid Store
 Abundant, flowing in well blended Streams,
 The Natives shall applaud ; while glad the talk
 Of baleful Ills, caus'd by *Bellona's* Wrath
 In other Realms ; where-e'er the *British* spread
 Triumphant Banners, or their Fame has reach'd
 Diffusive, to the utmost Bounds of this
 Wide Universe, *Silurian* Cyder borne
 Shall please all Tasts, and triumph o'er the Vine.

T H E E N D.

T H E
S P L E N D I D S H I L L I N G :
I N
I m i t a t i o n o f M I L T O N .

——— *Sing Heavenly Muse,
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhyme,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimera's dire.*

H Appy the Man, who void of Cares and Srise,
In Silken or in Leathern Purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New Oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful Ale;
But with his Friends, when nightly Mists arise,
To *Juniper's*, or *Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* repairs:
Where mindful of the Nymph, whose wanton Eye
Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled Amorous Flames.
bloo or *Phillis*; he each Circling Glass
Wisheth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.
Mean while he Smoaks, and Laughs at merry Tale,
Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.
But I whom griping Penury furrounds,
And Hunger, sure Attendant upon Want,
With scanty Offals, and small acid Tiff
(Wretched Repast) my meagre Corps sustain:
When Solitary walk, or doze at home
Garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd Fingers, or from Tube as black
As Winter's Chimney, or well-polish'd Jett,

Exhale

Exhal *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Smoak.
 Not blacker Tube, nor of a shorter Size
 Smoaks *Cambro-Britain* (vers'd in Pedigree,
 Sprung from *Cadwalader* and *Arthur*, ancient Kings,
 Full famous in Romantick tale) when he
 O're many a craggy Hill, and fruitless Cliff,
 Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Cestrian* Cheese,
 High over-shadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his Wares, or at the *Arvonian* Mart,
 Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient Town
 Hight *Morgannumia*, or where *Vaga's* Stream
 Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil,
 Whence flow Nectareous Wines, that well may vye
 With *Massic*, *Setian*, or Renown'd *Falern*.
 Thus while my joyless Hours I lingring spend,
 With Looks demure, and silent pace a *Dunn*,
 Horrible Monster! hated by Gods and Men,
 To my aerial Citadel ascends;
 With Vocal Heel thrice Thund'ring at my Gates,
 With hideous Accent thrice he calls; I know
 The Voice ill boding, and the solemn Sound;
 What shou'd I do, or whither turn? amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark Recess I fly
 Of Woodhole; streight my bristling Hairs erect,
 My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech,
 So horrible he seems; his faded Brow
 Entrench'd with many a Frown, and conic Beard,
 And spreading Band admir'd by Modern Saint
 Disastrous Acts forebode; in his Right hand
 Long Scrolls of Paper solemnly he waves,
 With Characters and Figures dire inscribed
 Grievous to mortal Eye, (ye Gods avert
 Such plagues from righteous men) behind him stalks
 Another Monster, not unlike himself,
 Of Aspect sullen, by the Vulgar called
 A *Catchpole*, whose polluted hands the Gods
 With Force incredible, and Magic Charms
 Erst have indu'd, if he his ample Palm

Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
 Of Debtor, streight his Body to the touch
 Obsequious (as Whilom Knights were wont)
 To some enchanted Castle is convey'd,
 Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Charms
 In durance vile detain him, till in form
 Of Money, *Pallas* set the Captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk, beware,
 Be circumspect; oft with insidious Ken,
 This Caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
 Lies perdue in a Creek or gloomy Cave,
 Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
 With his unhallow'd Touch. So (Poets sing)

Grimalkin to Domestick Vermin sworn
 An everlasting Foe, with watchful eye,
 Lyes nightly brooding ore a chinky gap,
 Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless Mice
 Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd Web
 The *Spider* in a Hall or Kitchin spreads,
 Obvious to vagrant Flies : she secret stands
 Within her woven Cell; the Humming Prey
 Regardless of their Fate, rush on the toils
 Inextricable, nor will ought avail

Their Arts nor Arms, nor Shapes of lovely Hue,
 The Wasp insidious, and the buzzing Drone,
 And Butterfly proud of expanded wings
 Distinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
 Useless resistance make : with eager strides
 She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils ;
 Then with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
 Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
 Their bulky Carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when Nocturnal Shades
 This World envelop, and th' inclement Air
 Perswades Men to repel benumbing Frosts,
 With pleasant Wines, and crackling blaze of Wood ;
 Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering Light
 Of make-weight Candle, nor the joyous talk

Of lovely friends delights ; distress'd, forlorn,
 Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal Thoughts
 My anxious Mind ; or sometimes mournful Verse
 Indite, and sing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,
 Or desperate Lady near a purling stream,
 Or Lover pendant on a Willow-tree ;
 Mean while I labour with eternal drought,
 And restless wish, in vain, my parched Throat
 Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose :
 But if a Slumber haply do's invade
 My weary Limbs, my Fancy still awake,
 Longing for Drink, and eager in my Dream,
 Tipples Imaginary Pots of Ale.

A wake, I find the settled Thirst——

Still gnawing, and the pleasant Phantom curse.

Thus do I live from Pleasure quite debarr'd,
 Nor tast the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
 Mature, John-apple nor the Downy Peach,
 Nor Walnut in rough-furrow'd Coat secure,
 Nor Medlar Fruit delicious in decay ;
 Afflictions great, yet greater still remain,
 My *Galligaskings* that have long withstood
 The Winter's Fury, and encroaching Frosts,
 By time subdu'd, (what will not time subdue !)
 A horrid Chasm disclose, with Orifice
 Wide discontinuous ; at which the Winds
Eurus and *Auster*, and the dreadful force
 Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blasts,
 Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship
 Long sail'd secure, or through the *Egean* Deep,
 Or the *Ionian*, till Cruising near
 The *Lilybean* Shoar, with hideous Crush
 On *Scylla* or *Charibdis* dangerous Rocks
 She strikes rebounding, whence the shatter'd Oak,
 So fierce a Shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the Sea, in at the gaping Side,

the crouding Waves gush with impetuous Rage,
 resistless overwhelming; Horrors seize
 the Mariners, Death in their eyes appears, (
 they stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray:
 vain Efforts, still the battering Waves rush in
 implacable, till delug'd by the foam,
 the Ship sinks found'ring in the vast Abyss.

T O A
 L A D Y:
 W I T H

Milton's Paradise Lost.

SEE here how bright the First-born Virgin shone!

And how the first Fond Lover was undone!

such powerful Words our Charming Mother spoke,
 as Milton's are, and such as *Yours* her Look.

Yours the best Copy of the Original Face,

Whose Beauty was to furnish all her Race.

Your Charms no Author can escape but he;

There's no way to be safe, but not to see.

A SONG.

I.

WHat ! put off with One Denial ?
And not make a Second Tryal ?
You might see my Eyes consenting,
'All about me was relenting :
Women oblig'd to dwell in Forms,
Forgive the Youth who boldly storms.

II.

Lovers, when you Sigh and Languish;
When you tell us of your Anguish;
To the Nymph you'll be more pleasing,
When those Sorrows you are reasing :
We love to try how far Men dare,
And never with the Foe should spare.

A
S O N G.

By Mr. Check.

Right *Cythia's* Power, divinely Great ;
What Heart is not Obeying ?
A Thousand *Cupids* on her wait,
And in her Eyes are Playing.

She seems the Queen of Love to reign,
For she alone dispenses
Such Sweets as best can entertain
The Gust of all the Sences.

Her Face a Charming Prospect brings ;
Her Breath gives balmy Blisses :
To hear an Angel when she Sings,
And taste of Heaven in Kisses.

Our Sences thus she Feasts with Joy ;
From Nature's chieftest Treasure :
Let me the other Sence employ,
And I shall dye with Pleasure.

A Catalogue of *Poems*, Printed and Sold by H. Hills,
Black-Fryars, near the Water-side.

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F I N I S.



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